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THE BIONIC WOMAN
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ALASKA, ENDLESS MILES OF VIRGIN WILDERNESS ONCE POPULATED ONLY BY BEASTS OF THE FOREST AND A HARDY DYING BREED OF OUTDOORSMEN. NOW, ACROSS THE SCENIC LANDSCAPE STRETCHES A HUGE, MAN-MADE, METAL SERPENT WHOSE BELLY IS SWOLLEN WITH TONS OF PRECIOUS ENERGY-GIVING OIL. THE ALASKAN PIPELINE, A DREAM COME TRUE FOR SOME, YET A NIGHTMARISH INVADER TO OTHERS. AN INVADER WHO MUST BE DESTROYED.
A DYING BREED
THE BIONIC WOMAN™
Based on the Universal Television Series "The Bionic Woman" Created for Television by Kenneth Johnson, Based on the Novel "Cyborg" by Martin Caidin.
KA-BOOM!

THE BIONIC WOMAN Vol. 2, No. 3, March, 1978,

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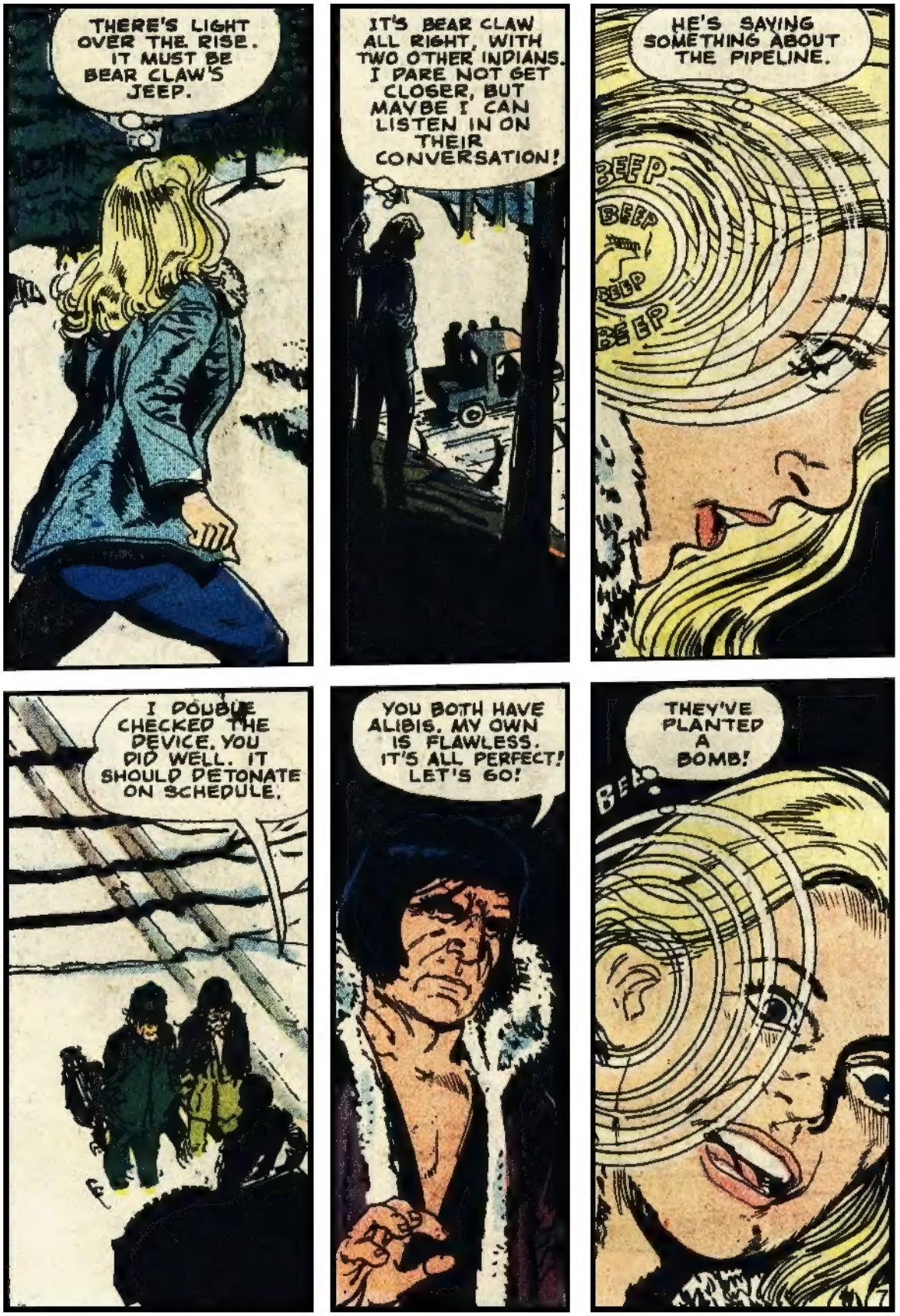
LATER....
SABOTAGE HAS HALTED OIL FLOW AND THE AUTHORITIES HAVEN'T TURNED UP A SINGLE CLUE.
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE GOING INTO THE WORK CAMP UNDERCOVER, JAMIE. MEN WILL TALK MORE FREELY TO A WOMAN.
TAKE ANY SUITABLE JOB. PEOPLE DRIFT IN AND OUT OF CAMP CONTINUALLY AND NO ONE WILL SUSPECT YOU'RE AN O. S. I. AGENT.
HUMPH! HERE COMES ANOTHER CITY SLICKER OUT TO GET RICH QUICK. THAT BLASTED PIPELINE IS SPOILIN' THE WHOLE BLAMED COUNTRY!

GOOD LUCK, MISS SOMMERS. I HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, CALL ME. YOU KNOW MY NUMBER.
YES, THANK YOU, MR. GOLDMAN.
HOWDY, OLD TIMER. CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO TOWN?
I'LL CART YA' THERE MYSELF FOR A FIN, MISSY. IF YOU AIM TO WALK, IT'S 2 MILES DOWN THE ROAD!
IT'S TOO COLD TO WALK. I'LL RIDE AND PAY. WHAT ARE YOU, THE LOCAL TAXI SERVICE?
MY NAME IS TRAPPER COLLINS. ME AND THE INDIANS WERE HERE BEFORE THE BOOM. DRIVING FOLKS IS JUST THE WAY I PICK UP EXTRA CASH!
WHERE CAN A GIRL FIND WORK THAT PAYS WELL AROUND HERE?
ANYWHERE! TRY TEDDY'S TAVERN. THE TIPS ARE GOOD FOR PRETTY GALS AND IT'S EASY WORK. I'LL DROP YA' THERE!
THIS IS THE PLACE. TELL TEDDY I SENT YA'. GOOD LUCK, MISSY.
THANKS, TRAPPER. I'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND.
3

WEEKS PASS UNEVENTFULLY. DURING THE DAY, JAMIE KEEPS HER EYES AND EARS OPEN. AT NIGHT SHE SERVES DRINKS. THEN ONE EVENING...
OUR LUCK IS HOLDING. OIL IS FLOWING AGAIN. MAYBE WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THE SABOTEUR.
FORMA
I DOUBT IT. WHAT DO YOU THINK, BEAR CLAW?
JOHNNY BEAR CLAW IS AN INDIAN. OF WHAT VALUE IS MY OPINION? INDIANS AREN'T IMPORTANT. NEVERTHELESS, I WISH THE BOMBINGS WOULD NEVER STOP.
BEFORE THE PIPELINE, MY TRIBE STARVED BECAUSE THERE WAS NO WORK. WHEN THE EXPLOSIONS STOP YOU'LL LEAVE AND WE'LL STARVE AGAIN!
HERE ARE YOUR DRINKS, BOYS.
WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, HONEY? GIVE ME A KISS AND I'LL FORGIVE YOU FOR BEING SO SLOW.
I NEED SOME AIR!
JOHNNY BEAR CLAW'S SYMPATHY UNDERSTANDABLY LIES WITH THE SABOTEUR. MAYBE I'D BETTER QUESTION HIM.
HOLD IT, BABY! HOW ABOUT THAT KISS?
I'D RATHER KISS A SHORT TEMPERED RATTLESNAKE. LET GO OF ME!
NOT TIL' I GET THAT KISS!
4

MAYBE A QUICK JUDO LESSON WILL IMPROVE YOUR MANNERS!
Heyyy!
CRASH!
I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU, PAL. JAMIE IS ONE GAL WHO REALLY KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF!
FORM
I'M GOING OUT FOR AWHILE, TEDDY. I WON'T BE GONE LONG.
TAKE YOUR TIME, JAMIE.
THERE GOES JOHNNY BEAR CLAW NOW. HE'S TAKING THE WORK ROAD TO THE PIPELINE. I'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM.
5

IF I STAY BEHIND HIM HE MIGHT SPOT ME. MY BEST BET IS TO HEAD HIM OFF BY GOING CROSS COUNTRY.
THE BEAUTIFUL, BLONDE BIONIC WOMAN STREAKED THROUGH THE SHADOWS, COVERING MANY MILES SWIFTLY AND EFFORTLESSLY.
ONCE I CROSS THE OLD LUMBER MILL POND I CAN BACKTRACK AND PICK UP HIS TRAIL.
I WAS ALWAYS GOOD AT HOPSCOTCH AS A KID, SO I'LL USE THOSE LOGS AS STEPPING STONES.
THERE! NOW TO LOCATE BEAR CLAW.
6


THERE'S LIGHT OVER THE RISE. IT MUST BE BEAR CLAW'S JEEP.
IT'S BEAR CLAW ALL RIGHT, WITH TWO OTHER INDIANS. I DARE NOT GET CLOSER, BUT MAYBE I CAN LISTEN IN ON THEIR CONVERSATION!
HE'S SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT THE PIPELINE.
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
I DOUBLE CHECKED THE DEVICE. YOU DID WELL. IT SHOULD DETONATE ON SCHEDULE.
YOU BOTH HAVE ALIBIS. MY OWN IS FLAWLESS. IT'S ALL PERFECT! LET'S GO!
THEY'VE PLANTED A BOMB!
BEA

CHASING AFTER THEM IS SENSELESS. BY THE TIME I STOP THEM AND FORCE THEM TO TALK, THE BOMB COULD EXPLODE!

LOCATING THE BOMB TAKES PRECEDENCE! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT, AND FIND IT FAST!

I'M SLIDING TOO QUICKLY! I'M STARTING TO FALL... AND MY BIONIC LIMBS CAN'T HELP ME!

MUSTERING MASSIVE BIONIC STRENGHT AND UTILIZING SUPER-HUMAN AGILITY, THE BIONIC WOMAN USES THE MOMENTUM TO EXECUTE A PERFECT SOMERSAULT.

THUMP!
8

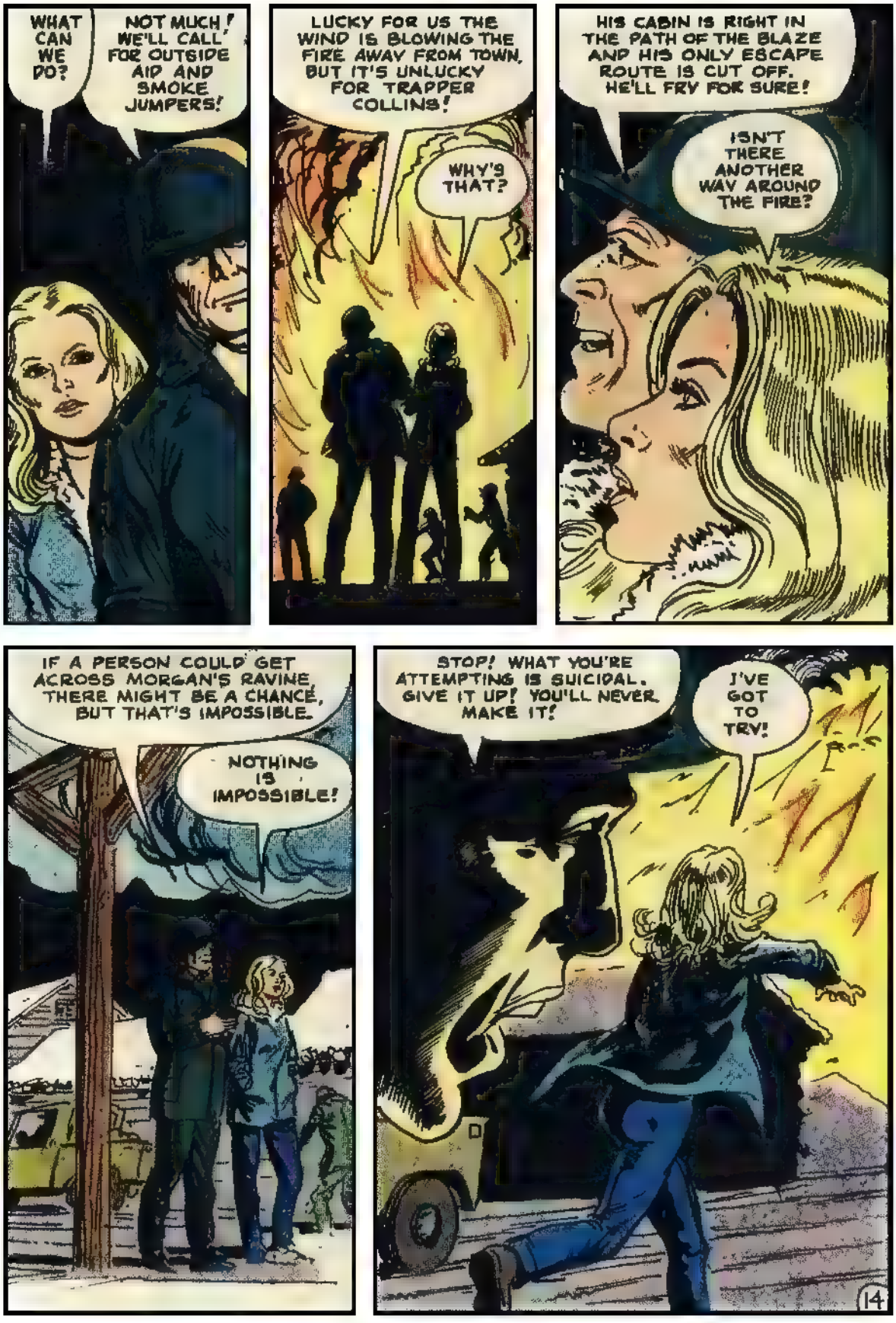
THE PIPELINE IS ABOUT 100 YARDS BEYOND THE ROAD IN THIS DIRECTION. FINDING IT SHOULD BE EASY!
THERE'S THE PIPE, BUT WHERE'S THE BOMB? I'D BETTER BACKTRACK! THE BOMB COULD BE ANYWHERE BE-TWEEN HERE AND TOWN.
I'M RUNNING OUT OF PIPE AND TIME! WHERE IS IT? WHERE CAN IT BE? DID I PASS IT?
WAIT A MINUTE! DO I SEE SOME-THING OR ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS ON ME? NO! THAT'S IT!!
THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MUCH TIME IS LEFT.
TICK TICK TICK
9

I'VE GOT IT....
NOW TO GET RID OF IT!
KA-BOOM!
THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT. HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S JOHNNY BEAR CLAW'S TRIBAL GOOD LUCK CHARM. THIS, THESE FOOTPRINTS AND MY TESTIMONY SHOULD JUST ABOUT WRAP THINGS UP!
10

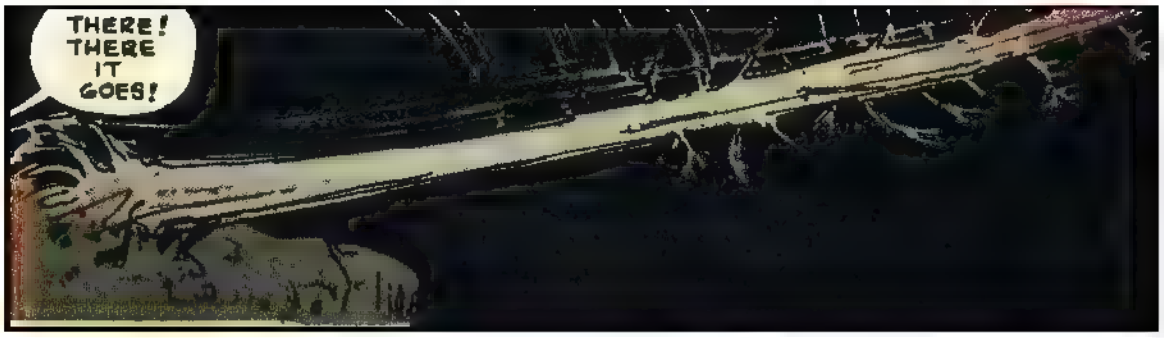
LATER... AT TEDDY'S TAVERN
JOHNNY BEAR CLAW, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR PLANTING A BOMB ON THE PIPELINE. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO....'
INDIANS DON'T HAVE RIGHTS! WHAT PROOF DO YOU HAVE?
PLENTY! WE FOUND FOOT-PRINTS WHICH WILL MATCH YOURS, THIS TRINKET, AND WE HAVE THE TESTIMONY OF A SPECIAL AGENT, MISS SOMMERS!
BIG DEAL! THAT DOESN'T AMOUNT TO A HILL OF BEANS!
CONFESS AND THE COURTS MIGHT GO EASY ON YOU, JOHNNY. YOUR MOTIVES WERE ADMIRABLE, BUT THAT DOESN'T EXCUSE YOUR METHODS!
OKAY! I ADMIT THAT I PLANTED ONE BOMB! BUT THE OTHER EXPLOSIONS WEREN'T MY DOING! I JUST TRIED TO CAPITALIZE ON A GOOD THING!
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT, BUT MAYBE A SOFT HEARTED JUDGE WILL.
HUMPH! SURE! I KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT FROM WHITE MAN'S JUSTICE.

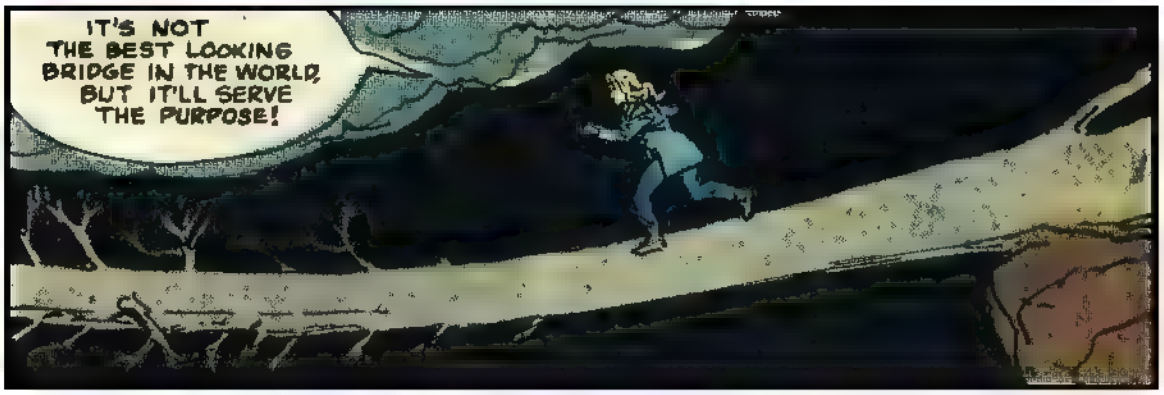
YOU'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL, JOHNNY. I GUARANTEE IT!
RIGHT! I'LL GET 20 YEARS FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO. I TOLD THE TRUTH. SOMEONE ELSE SET OFF THOSE OTHER EXPLOSIONS.
I HONESTLY SYMPATHIZE WITH THE PLIGHT OF THE INDIAN TRIBES IN THIS AREA, BUT I CAN'T CONDONE SABOTAGE!
I GUESS IT'S TIME TO PHONE OSCAR. NOW THAT THE CASE IS SOLVED, MAYBE HE CAN DO SOMETHING TO HELP THE INDIANS!
KA-BOOM!
WHAT IN HEAVEN WAS THAT?
CALLING OSCAR WILL HAVE TO WAIT. I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE.
12

WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
IT'S THE BOMBER! HE'S STRUCK AGAIN. THIS TIME THE OIL SPILL SPARKED A FOREST FIRE. THE WOODS ARE A BLAZING INFERNO!


WHAT CAN WE DO?
NOT MUCH! WE'LL CALL FOR OUTSIDE AID AND SMOKE JUMPERS!
LUCKY FOR US THE WIND IS BLOWING THE FIRE AWAY FROM TOWN, BUT IT'S UNLUCKY FOR TRAPPER COLLINS!
WHY'S THAT?
HIS CABIN IS RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE BLAZE AND HIS ONLY ESCAPE ROUTE IS CUT OFF. HE'LL FRY FOR SURE!
ISN'T THERE ANOTHER WAY AROUND THE FIRE?
IF A PERSON COULD GET ACROSS MORGAN'S RAVINE, THERE MIGHT BE A CHANCE, BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE!
STOP! WHAT YOU'RE ATTEMPTING IS SUICIDAL. GIVE IT UP! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
I'VE GOT TO TRY!
14

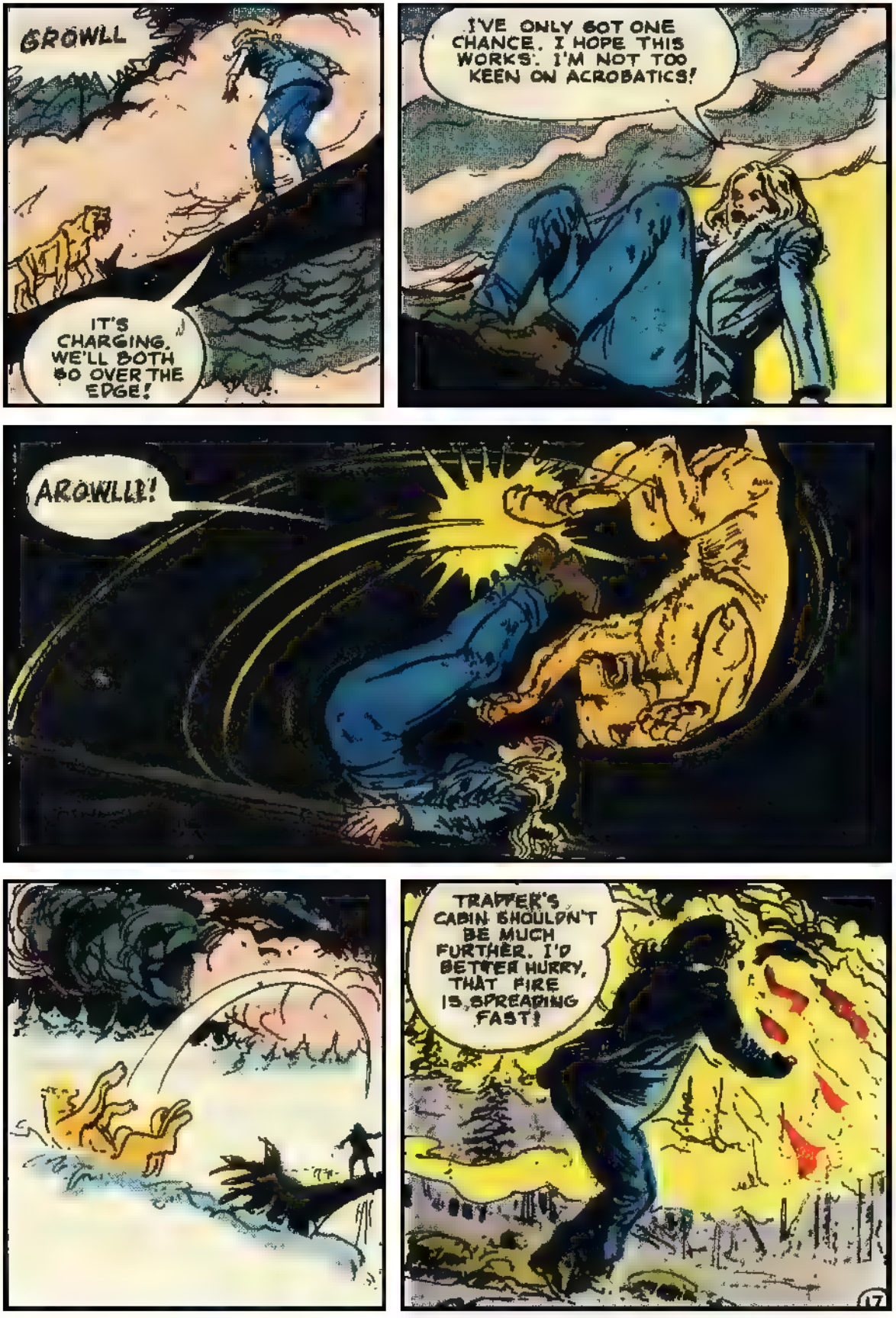
AFTER A DESPERATE DASH THROUGH DENSE FOLIAGE, JAMIE ARRIVED AT THE EDGE OF THE RAVINE.
THERE'S THE GORGE AHEAD!
NOW I SEE WHAT THE FOREMAN MEANT. EVEN MY BIONIC LIMBS CAN'T PROPEL ME ACROSS THIS. IT'S TOO WIDE AND TOO DEEP!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO BUILD MYSELF A BRIDGE.
THIS TREE SHOULD DO NICELY. NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO PUSH IT OVER!
I-I'M USING ALL OF MY STRENGTH, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO BUDGE IT!
15


THERE! THERE IT GOES!

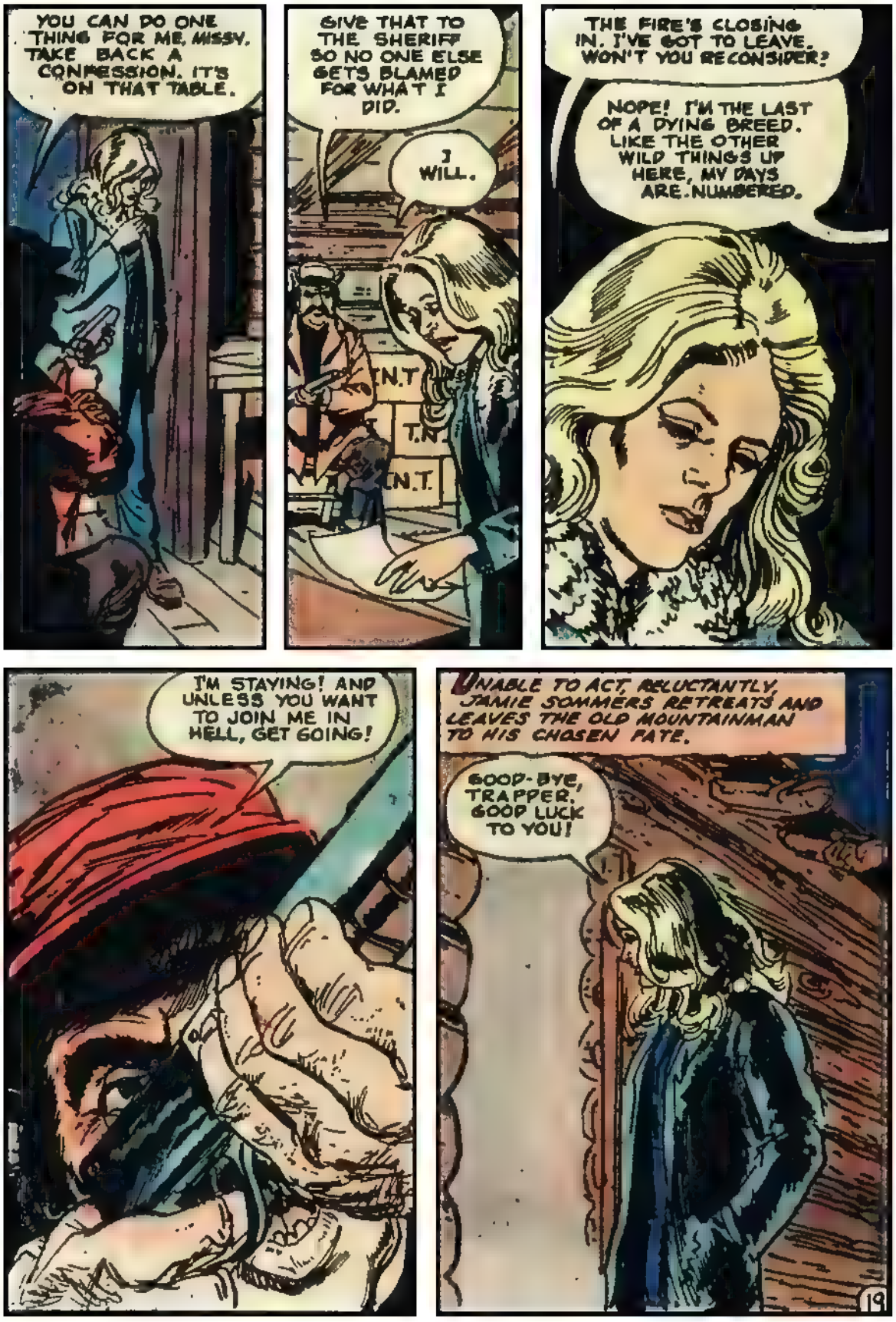

IT'S NOT THE BEST LOOKING BRIDGE IN THE WORLD, BUT IT'LL SERVE THE PURPOSE!

I'LL BE GLAD TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE. IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN, EVEN FOR A BIONIC WOMAN.

SNARLL
A COUGAR! THE FIRE MUST HAVE CHASED IT OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS. IT'S HALF CRAZED WITH FEAR, AND I'M BLOCKING IT'S ESCAPE PATH!
16


GROWLL
IT'S CHARGING. WE'LL BOTH GO OVER THE EDGE!
I'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHANCE. I HOPE THIS WORKS. I'M NOT TOO KEEN ON ACROBATICS!
AROWLL!
TRAPPER'S CABIN SHOULDN'T BE MUCH FURTHER. I'D BETTER HURRY, THAT FIRE IS SPREADING FAST!
17

THAT MUST BE COLLINS' CABIN! TRAPPER! TRAPPER, WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M IN HERE, MISSY, COME IN, BUT BE MIGHTY CAREFUL WHAT YA' DO!
I'VE COME TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE, I'VE ..., DYNAMITE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I THINK YOU DO, MISSY.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BLAST THAT PIPELINE OFF OF THE FACE OF THE EARTH. I DID IT FOR THE WILDERNESS!
T.N.T
NOW I'VE MANAGED TO DESTROY EVERYTHING I WAS TRYING TO SAVE. I STARTED THE FIRE, NOW THE FIRE WILL FINISH ME!
BE REASONABLE, TRAPPER, COME WITH ME!
STAND STILL! I MEAN IT! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE SO I CAN ROT IN A PRISON!
TNT
18


YOU CAN DO ONE THING FOR ME, MISSY. TAKE BACK A CONFESSION. IT'S ON THAT TABLE.
GIVE THAT TO THE SHERIFF SO NO ONE ELSE GETS BLAMED FOR WHAT I DID.
I WILL.
T.N.T
T.N.T
T.N.T
THE FIRE'S CLOSING IN. I'VE GOT TO LEAVE. WON'T YOU RECONSIDER?
NOPE! I'M THE LAST OF A DYING BREED. LIKE THE OTHER WILD THINGS UP HERE, MY DAYS ARE NUMBERED.
I'M STAYING! AND UNLESS YOU WANT TO JOIN ME IN HELL, GET GOING!
UNABLE TO ACT RELUCTANTLY, JAMIE SOMMERS RETREATS AND LEAVES THE OLD MOUNTAINMAN TO HIS CHOSEN FATE.
GOOD-BYE, TRAPPER. GOOD LUCK TO YOU!
19

IF I DON'T GET ACROSS THAT RAVINE, AND FAST, I MAY END UP AS MELTED DOWN BIONIC SCRAP.

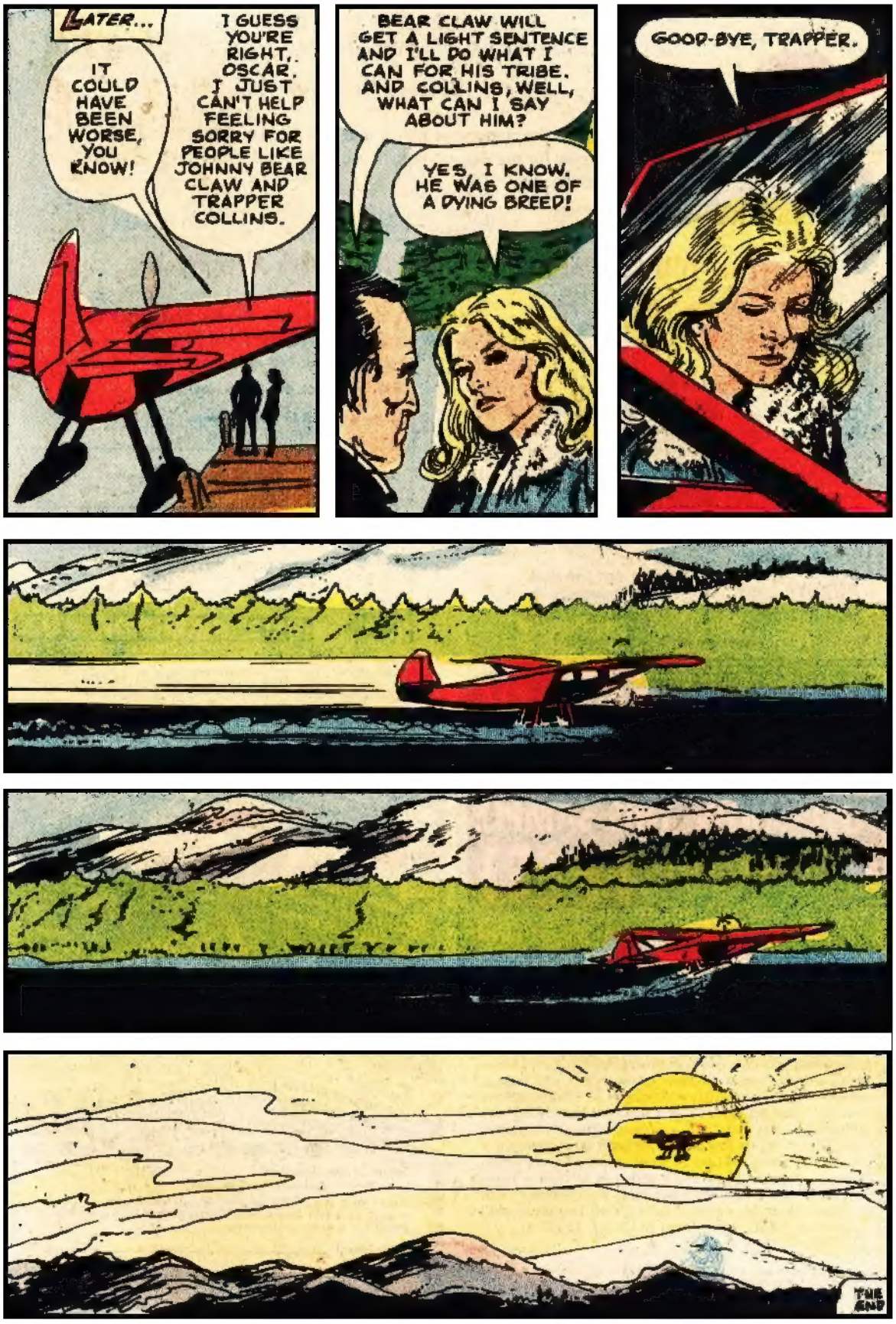
IT'S WORST THAN I THOUGHT. I'M CAUGHT IN A RING OF FIRE.

IF THE TREE TRUNK ACROSS THE GORGE IS BURNING, I'M FINISHED!

IT'S ON FIRE! BUT I THINK I CAN MAKE IT ACROSS IF I HURRY!

FASTER! FASTER! FASTER!
SNAP!

I MADE IT!
KA-BOOM!
TRAPPER'S CABIN! THE FIRE MUST HAVE REACHED IT!
TRAPPER COLLINS IS GONE. IT LOOKS LIKE THE WORST OF THE FIRE IS OVER. THE EXPLOSION AT THE CABIN MUST HAVE EXTINGUISHED IT.
21


LATER...
IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE, YOU KNOW!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, OSCAR. I JUST CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR PEOPLE LIKE JOHNNY BEAR CLAW AND TRAPPER COLLINS.
BEAR CLAW WILL GET A LIGHT SENTENCE AND I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR HIS TRIBE. AND COLLINS, WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT HIM?
YES, I KNOW. HE WAS ONE OF A DYING BREED!
GOOD-BYE, TRAPPER.
THE END

THE RESCUE

After dismissing her class for the day, Jamie Sommers collected her books and left the school building. Walking gingerly to her car, she suddenly noticed one of her students running madly down the sidewalk toward her.

"Michael, what's wrong?" Jamie asked as the boy halted dead in his tracks before her.

"It's a fire!" shouted the sobbing lad hysterically. "The apartment house where Billy Smith lives is burning up. I'm running to the alarm box on the corner to call the fire department. Billy ran into the house to look for his little brother and sister. He'll be burned alive!"

"You go and turn in the alarm. Then wait for the fire trucks and direct them to the blaze. I'll see if I can help Billy."

Dropping her books on the sidewalk, Jamie Sommers sped off down the street. Her bionic limbs quickly carried her to the scene of the blaze. The lower floors of an eight story brownstone were completely engulfed by flames. Crying, sobbing, hysterical people were clustered in the street, watching their homes go

up in smoke.

As she sifted through the spectators, Jamie called, "Has anyone seen Billy Smith? Does anyone know Billy Smith? Has anyone seen the boy?"

"I know the boy," answered an old man wearing a robe.

"Have you seen him since the fire started?" Jamie inquired. "Is he safe?"

"He's in the blazing building looking for his brother and sister," replied the old man. "He didn't know that the neighbors got them and his mother out in the nick of time. The boy, Billy, ran into the building before the fire got out of control. Now he's trapped somewhere on the upper floors.

"The smoke has probably got him. He'll never get out alive. The first four floors are in flames now and there's no way to get in there to find out if he's dead or alive," lamented the old man.

"I'll get him out," Jamie vowed solemnly as she eyed the inferno before her.

"You can't! There's no way in! The halls and doors are walls of flames. You'll be killed!"

"I've got to risk it," Jamie shouted as she broke away from the man and ran toward an alley at the back of the building.

Reaching the rear of the building at last, Jamie halted in the deserted alley. Looking toward the roof high above, she spied a narrow ledge on the side of the apartment house just above the flames. It was no more than a cat walk, but it would do.

Staring hypnotically at the ledge, she mustered all of the bionic strength in her lower extremities. Momentarily, she assumed a crouched position. Then, as if catapulted off of the pavement, she sprang skyward. Up, up, up toward the ledge near the fifth floor she sailed.

Miraculously, she landed right on target. Her feet came down on the narrow ledge. Like a human fly she perched precariously on the side of the building just above the fire.

Clinging to the wall like a spider, she inched her way to a closed window. One mighty kick from her bionic leg shattered the window glass of an apartment on the fifth floor. Off of the ledge and into the blazing building she crawled.

Inside, thick gray smoke blurred her vision and choked her lungs. In order to breathe more easily, she dropped to her knees. A quick search of the apartment proved fruitless so she moved into the hall calling for Billy to answer her. No reply came so her desperate race against fiery death continued.

Moving to the floor above, she paused to listen for any sound the boy might make. Jamie Sommers, the Bionic Woman, was running out of time. The fire was spreading fast. She had to find Billy and find him right away! Was the boy still alive? Was he?

It was then that she heard a faint noise only her bionic hearing could detect. Someone was coughing. The noise was coming from the floor above.

Moving like living lightning she sped up another flight of stairs. Homing in on the noise, she traced it down the smoke filled hall.

There, on the floor, she found Billy Smith. He was only semi - conscious and the boy barely recognized her as she cradled him in her arms.

Carrying the boy, she swiftly sped to the roof. With the lad in her arms, over the side she leaped toward the concrete below. Her amazing bionic legs withstood the severe shock of the impact, and they were safe. As she carried the boy toward the crowd, she heard the distinctive din of approaching fire engines. Now everything would be all right.

SCANNED BY
THE
RIFLEMAN